



"So the world wags."

It is said, and I imagine there is considerable truth in the saying, that it is extremely difficult to 'get ahead' of a lawyer. Still the feat has been accomplished, though the instances of such occurrences are as few and far between as the angelic visits we hear of. This is the manner in which, according to the American Machinist,

BOTH BILLS WERE PAID.

A good story is told of the well-known engineer, William A. Sweet, of Syracuse. Casually meeting a prominent lawyer one day, a brief conversation ensued, in the course of which Mr. Sweet happened to ask the judge what he thought of some question they were discussing, without really meaning to ask legal advice in the usual way. Soon afterward Mr. Sweet received a bill from the judge, "for legal advice, \$1,000," which he paid promptly without a word of complaint.

Time passed on, and one day the judge, who was also heavily interested in salt manufacture, needed some mechanical advice about some machinery, which was not running satisfactorily, and asked Mr. Sweet to look at the machines and tell him what was needed. Mr. Sweet looked them over for two or three hours, and indicated the cause of the trouble. When he went home he promptly made out a bill against the judge, "for mechanical advice, \$1,500," and the bill was duly paid, furnishing probably one of the few instances on record in which mechanics ever got ahead of the law.

It is quite a relief to find a few words written in defence of that much maligned personage, the mother-in-law, and I was so pleased to read in the Montreal *Witness* the brief remarks appended below, that I thought them worthy of a place here. It is about time that the funny men ceased to use the mother-in-law as a stock subject for their wit, for verily they can say nothing new about her, and most of the jokes on the poor old lady are pretty threadbare by this time. Well, here is my extract.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Of all the stupid conventionalities of alleged humor, the coarse jests that are hurled at the head of the poor unoffending mother-in-law are the meanest and most to be despised. There is no fun about them. Just look for a moment at the great debt a man owes his mother-in-law? If it had not been for her, where would his wife, the apple of his eye and the comfort of his heart, have been found? If it had not been for her shrewd management and tact in bringing up the girl she wouldn't have been worth marrying. If it had not been for her kindly watchfulness the first few days of his housekeeping he would have starved to death. If it had not been for her his babies would be short of one grandmother, and babies can't have too many grandmothers. What is home without a mother-in-law—to drop in and see you once in a while?

I know not and, I may add, I care not, who the individual was who originated the style of wit of which the little poem below is a specimen, but I imagine he must have been an American. I have seen many similar effusions in the papers of this continent, but not one in those of the old country. Doctor Johnson is alleged to have stated, uncontradicted as far as I can see, that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. What crimes, then, would the man not descend to who could perpetrate such a swarm of them as some writer in the *Lowell Citizen* has done in his song of the "Hunter's Love." Verily he must, according to old Sam, be a malefactor of the deepest dye: one whom to call a low fellow of the baser sort would be flattery indeed. Happily all of us in the present day do not agree with the great dictionary architect of an age gone by, so there may be a chance after all for the author of

A HUNTER'S LOVE.

A sportsman winged by Cupid's dart
Said to the maid he loved, "My deer,
Your wiles have fast enchained my heart
With lynx of steel, 'tis very clear.
"I quail to think of my sad lot,
My bittens never ending woe;
Should my fawn dreaming come to naught—
I think 'twould lay this buffalo.
"Heron my knees I do declare
I'd gladly, freely diver thee;
Owlet me all thy burdens bear—
Thy sorrows, share them all with me.
"You otter know how bad I feel,
To your sea-duck-tive arts a prey.
If you refuse your heart is teal—
Say weasel wed and name the day."
She smiled, the minks, and blushing said,
"Think not that I woodchuck you over,
Knowing how badger heart has bled—
Besides, you'll make a bang-up plover!"

I don't vouch for the truth of the following article, nor do I know whether the *Detroit Free Press* from whose columns I clip it, intends its readers to believe it, but there is one thing very certain and that is that any young man, or old one, for the matter of that, who understands human nature and the art of giving people all the "taffy" they require, can "play it" just as the hero of this little tale is said to do. It is astonishing what a little flattery will do. This is

THE WAY HE PLAYS IT.

Here is a young man with a thorough understanding of the leading traits in human nature. He dresses well, carries an extra cigar, and he drops in and presents a card to the effect that he is engaged in canvassing for an embryo work to be known as the *Encyclopedia of the United States*.

"Y-e-a, but I guess I don't care to subscribe," replied the citizen.

"Oh, but I don't want you to. The book will be sold on its merits. I am calling upon a few of the most eminent —"

Here he makes a pause to allow the shot to strike, and then continues:

"—citizens of Detroit—the most eminent and prominent citizens of Detroit to secure brief sketches of their lives."

"Ah!" says the other as he began to melt.

"We desire to take five of the most prominent citizens of this country. In the sketches we desire to show how they have risen from poor boys to great and honored men."

Here occurs another pause to allow the victim to tickle himself.

"Well—ah—well——"

"You were the first of the five selected," chips in the young man. "My mission is to secure your photograph in order to make a steel engraving. In the course of ten days I will be followed by the gentleman who writes the biographies. Have you a photograph?"

"Well—ah—I think so."

"We want one which does you full justice.

The engraving costs us \$55 each. This we pay out of our own pockets, but are compelled to make a charge of \$5 each for the tint paper and the reference in the index. 'et's see. What does the initial in your middle name stand for?"

It invariably stands for a \$5 bill, and the young man leaves behind him such a pleasant impression that the victim keeps grinning for two weeks. At the end of the time he becomes suspicious, and in the course of a month he becomes a dangerous man to society.

APPRECIATED POESY.

GROSVENOR GALLERY, Oct. 5, 1883.

To the Editor of GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—When I erstwhile sojourned in your truly Arcadian land I found no evidences of the Higher Culture in your native literature. Your writers exposed their meaning to the vulgar gaze with a nakedness quite unæsthetic, and indeed scarcely decorous. The outlines of their pen-pictures were too hard, and the vaporous nuances of the Ineffable were utterly absent. I am therefore delighted by the receipt (from a Canadian friend) of the enclosed poemlet, which is, in the above respects, quite precious and almost supreme. The vague limning of the female figure—the chaotic suggestion of a landscape—the decent concealment of an inconceivable significance—are beyond all praise! The magnificently lonely "She" is like nothing earthly, and embodies the purely nebulous incrudescence of the inscrutable *AN ME!* And then the weird wailing undertone expressed by the short lines and cropping out in the last stanza, seems to perfectly voice forth the Querulous Questionings of the Utter Inane! I still labour under the sad-sweet burthen of the insatiable *AN WHY?* laid upon my soul by the perusal of this *chef d'œuvre*, and subscribe myself,

Yours faintly,

O—W—.

AH ME! AH WHY?

She sits on the verge of the Vapid Void,
Weary and wan 'neath the waning moon,
Weak with the warfare of loves that cloyed
Her hopeful heart in its sunny noon.
Waits she there wearily!
Drips the rain drearily!

Precious and pallid her luscious lip,
Languid the lid of her limpid eye,
Gloomily gazing as stately ship
And laggard lugger glide ghostly by!
Sighs she so drearily!
Soughs the wind eerily!

Sadly she sighs as the shapely yawl
Yarely yaws in the yeasty loam.
Yearns she for someone?—for something?—all
Her serene soul proved in its pristine home?
Choosing so cheerily!
Changing so drearily!

Why does she wait on the watery verge?
Why does she gloat in the ghostly gloom—
Dismal and drear in her sage-green serge—
Drunk with the billows' bellowing boom?
Ask we it wearily,
Quaintly and queerly!

I STOOD.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
When the bells were striking the hour;
And I stood on the field of battle
When the bullets came in a shower.
I stood on my head in the circus
When the clown was making his jokes—
And I stood in a Southern "wurkus"
And fed out soup to the "mokes."
But never, oh never, oh never!
Like a thirsty pig at a trough,
Did I ever, oh no, did I ever,
Stand a bejewelled bar-keeper off.

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